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# AN INTERPRETATION

OF

## OMAR KHAYYAM

BY

MRS. EMMA HUGHES

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*This booklet is lovingly dedicated to my son  
Edwin Hughes*

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## AN INTERPRETATION OF OMAR KHYYAUM.

BY EMMA HUGHES.

- 1 Ah! The crowd must have emphatic warrant,  
Nor heed they all the words expressed  
The mystic beauty of the soul  
Will lend enchantment tho suppressed.
- 2 The wayward heeding not the spoil,  
Have ever sought to undo truth;  
Some minds on lofty wings have flown  
To unlock many hearts forsooth.
- 3 So limited are the minds of men,  
They neither see nor think alone;  
Their worldly objects they obey.  
To drift along with hearts of stone.
- 4 Look deep within the tangled web,  
Things of mystery you will find;  
Unearth the beauty in your life,  
And scan the depth you leave behind.
- 5 Tolerant of all opinions here,  
Our faith too strong to ever clash,  
Against all foes will stand aside,  
And rid our thoughts of worldly trash.

- 6 Fresh intercourse, new birth to gain,  
The poet, writer, dwells in song,  
Or in the hall of mystic fame,  
The laurel crowns to him belong.
- 7 To feel inspired when love divine  
Controls us with an inward peace,  
Why can't this great majestic spell  
Go on within, hearts conflicts cease.
- 8 The subtle bonds of sympathy,  
Our Great Fitzgerald comprehends,  
In Omar Khyyaum he delights,  
And finds a truth which he defends.
- 9 Correct conduct he tries to shew,  
In every phase of life he gives  
The wine, the red wine, glorious wine,  
The grapes, when faultless, they do live.
- 10 Command, compel to leave alone  
All that distresses human mind,  
You need not falter if you still  
Hold on to greatness, this we find.
- 11 Each one must live his life alone,  
And while in solitude he hears  
The voice of one who conquers still  
The many things which may appear.

TRANSPERRED  
FROM CARD SECTION.  
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- 12 Vibrate with music, let its strain  
Compel, enchant thy longing heart,  
Grasp for ever thoughts sublime,  
To follow on and do thy part.
- 13 No story ere could life unfold  
Until love quenched the thirsty soul,  
To feel more life and then to hold  
Still steadfast to the one great whole.
- 14 The lion with his strength of will  
Can chain us down and conquer still,  
The birth of greater light reveals  
O'ershadows us, and seeks to fill.
- 15 We know and feel that life will yield  
To many sorrows, then will rise  
Above the lower, where it not fear  
T'would shelter us from all unwise.
- 16 To make the most of sad despair,  
How can we conquer or complete,  
Our task is love to be fulfilled  
Ere we can reach His mercy seat.
- 17 We find the sages have discussed  
The many problems we yet find,  
Wisdom alone has been their trust,  
Their thoughts of love and joy combined.

- 18 Determined now that time and strength  
Shall not be wasted as of yore,  
We'll plant a vineyard where the grapes  
Will grow from age to age so sure.
- 19 No change of fashion can dethrone  
So sacred, and so wise, His love,  
Fixed is His method night and day  
But sealed in mystery things above.
- 20 That all the world would science search,  
And thro it help the wandering one,  
We who seek the Higher goal,  
Shall fathom more to reach the sun.
- 21 The fire of spring is hastening on,  
The winter garment gone and fled,  
To other climes their seasons come,  
When leaves of life are falling dead.
- 22 Some for the glories of this world,  
In pleasure bent are seeking more  
The rumble of a distant drum,  
Has not been heard so long before.
- 23 This hope of worldly thought we feel,  
The bitter pang will come some day,  
Ah! many a tear and many a frown  
Will scatter love that once was clay.

- 24 The wine of life, the fruitful grape,  
Yields not to vain deceit or fraud,  
But grows along with good desires,  
The empty vessel will retard.
- 25 And much as wine as played deceit,  
And robbed us of an inward growth,  
We should be far from life complete,  
Unless self mastery we put forth.
- 26 No clay can solve this mystery,  
It is for us to know and prove,  
That all of life, the grape will be  
So full of life's sweet nectar, love.
- 27 Sometimes a hair divides the false and true  
Is it not for greater will to do  
Much of the false we may be living thro,  
Yet claim we now no motive to renew.
- 28 The song of Omar Khyyaum brings to light  
And gives to many his vision of delight,  
In truth we vary sometimes listless when  
We are prone to dictate and to search for right.
- 29 The juice of grapes as symbol free,  
How can it claim a strength so free,  
A blessing in disguise to use,  
But what a curse, sometimes may be.

- 30 There the vile and subtle tempter comes,  
To pierce a soul whose longing heart would see  
A greater help to all in sore distress,  
To make of life, one great humanity.
- 31 He bids thee taste of it, so rich and fine,  
The drink we call "The red, red wine,"  
No bitter draught can well bestow  
The human heart, He does define.
- 32 Sweet fragrance from a cup so full  
Of wisdom we would learn at will,  
To overcome that would mislead  
And so encourage others still.
- 33 The search for light begins to find  
When crippled by an error made,  
In hearts of stone still is this foe,  
The penalty their lives have paid.
- 34 We in ourselves must purify  
The thought our will must wisdom find,  
Shall we not to our thoughts give words,  
That soul to soul shall blend in kind.
- 35 To make more plain to those who doubt  
The heart of one who was despised,  
No fear, but courage, steadfast growth,  
Can e'er become a child so wise.



- 36 Just common drink, the juice of grape,  
Its symbol free to all mankind,  
Some gladness to the heart would take,  
Yet souls of men, it could not bind.
- 37 An Easter symbol such joy doth bring,  
Its very song so bright with praise,  
Distinction where breadth, and depth, can sting,  
Our mortal hearts, to thee we raise.
- 38 When shall we gather such grapes for wine,  
Enchanted life, of love divine,  
For life is hope, is gain not strife,  
With leaves and branches, that entwine. .
- 39 We are no other than passing forms  
Illumined with the sun of light,  
In space, in air we travel domes,  
So late emerged from darkest night.
- 40 Ah love! Could you and I with him compare,  
The many sorry schemes betray,  
And yet have held our hearts desire,  
So shattered love, with lives of clay.
- 41 Take time, take time, then would we ask,  
For each seems greater than the dower,  
So worthless in common hands today,  
We recognize each poet's power.

- 42   Obscure to many this Persian Poet yields  
      His wine, the red, red wine flows through  
      In many ways, expression often fills  
      And brings to memory "the good and true."
- 43   Oh! build thy tent, the tent of love,  
      On wheels of mercy let it glide,  
      And in the building it will prove,  
      True joy the wine of love confide.

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**MESSAGES OF TRUTH.** By Emma Hughes. Contain many noble and beautiful thoughts which are constantly proving extremely helpful to many who are eagerly searching for light amid the darkness of doubt which encircles them.

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**W. J. COLVILLE.**

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